

COMICAL . FELLOW



"Well that's a good Jest"

COMICAL . FELLOW



"Well that's a good Jest"

THE
COMICAL FELLOW;

OR

12355. Vol. 23.

WIT AND HUMOUR

2

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CONTAINING THE NEWEST, DROLLEST, LAUGHABLE, FUNNY,
AND COMPLEATEST COLLECTION OF

DIVERTING JESTS	WHOLE SOME STORIES	CURIOUS BULLS
FUNNY JOKES	HUMOUROUS SAYINGS	SMART QUIBBLES
LIVELY BON MOTS	ENTERTAINING TALES	WITTY GIBES
KEEN REPORTEES	PLEASANT ADVENTURES	ODD WHIMS
EXCELLENT PUNS	AGREEABLE HUMBUGS	QUEER FABLES

AND OTHER FLASHES OF MERRIMENT.

The Whole being freed from the o'd, stale, and insipid Jests, which
are in most other Collections, and contain more real Wit and
Fun than any thing of the kind ever yet published,
though at more than treble the Price.

BY TIM. GAPE,
GRIN-MASTER GENERAL.

*Since Life is short, and wears away,
Let's be merry while we may.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]



THE COMICAL FELLOW.

MR. Harley falling into discourse with a sea officer, at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following description of a chase: Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven A.M. a fleet of twenty set sail over the downs. In about three-quarters of a watch we espied a hare under full gale; we tacked and stood after her, crouding all the sail we could; but coming close up with her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but unluckily, just as we were going to lay her aboard, being too much wind, my horse and I overset, and came keel upwards.

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a law-suit; the poor man gave the lawyer a *pot of oil*, and was told that his cause was good; but no sooner was he gone, than the farmer came and presented a *fat hog*. The cause came on, and the farmer gained the day. The poor man, after the trial, went to expostulate with the lawyer, for his base conduct, saying, when I gave you the *pot of oil* you said my cause was good, but you have entirely neglected it. Poor man, said the lawyer, I am sorry for thee; but

you was no sooner gone, than a *fat hog* came in and broke your pot of oil, which put the cause quite out of my head.

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home ; his wife asked what he meant ; he said to hang his hat on. Good lord, says she, cannot you *keep your hat on your head?*

Doctor Barton being in company with Doctor Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worcestershire ; the warden humourously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects. Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. Pray Doctor, are you not a justice of the peace? I am, replied the Doctor. Then, says Barton, I advise you to send your work to the *House of Correction*.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's Island, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid de-camps, a very young man, to shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. 'Sdeath, Sir, cried Lee, what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid de-camps in one campaign? So I understand, Sir, replied the young officer ; *but I did not think you could spare quite so many.*

A lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Vestris, the dancer. Upon my shoul, said the Hibernian, I think *he handles his legs bravely.*

George

George Garrick, being one of Holland's executors, with his usual good nature, for no man possessed more; undertook to manage the funeral in a way suitable to his friend's circumstances, for which purpose he went to Chiswick, and ordered a decent vault, and such other preparations as he thought necessary. Holland's father was a baker. Foote was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned sorrow; for, exclusive of the real concern for the loss of a convivial companion, whenever he had a serious moment he felt with very strong susceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, Garrick remarked to Foote, how happy he was, out of respect to his friend, to see every thing so decently conducted. You see, said he, what a snug family vault we have made here. Family vault! exclaimed Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks. *Damme if I did not think it had been the family oven.*

A man was examined before Sir John Fielding upon a charge of a highway robbery, instituted by a gentleman of distinction, who swore positively to every circumstance of the robbery, but could not identify the person of the robber. In the course of the business the right honourable witness seemed extremely offended, that Sir John should pay the prisoner so much respect, and him, as he thought, so very little; for which discontent he received the following rebuke. *I am heartily sorry that you are offended at my softening the rigour of justice with a little humanity. The prisoner is entitled more to my attention than you are, because he is unfortunate. If he should be guilty, the law is severe enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if innocent, how could I excuse myself for adding insult to misfortune?*

Dignum, and Moses Keen, the mimic, were both taylor's and intimate friends. Bannister met them under the piazza, in covent-garden, arm in arm. I never see those two men together, said Charles, but they put me

in mind of one of Shakespeares comedies. But which of them, Bannister, cries Dignum? Why, *Measure for Measure*.

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to Lord Guildford, asked him, in the pit of the opera, who that plain lady was, immediately before him?—That lady, said the noble lord, is my wife. It is true, that she is a plain woman. I am a plain man. You, I perceive, are a plain dealer; and that is the plain truth.

Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, and as soon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up, and entreated, as a particular favor, he would begin to be comical. Gad, said Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return.* The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane, went away, and did not return at all.

At Ipswich, during the race week, the landlord of one of the principal inns had advertised his beds at a guinea a piece; and fearing, on account of the exorbitant demand, that visitors should be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and industry, a promise from the other inhabitants, that they would ask the same price. What was the consequence? Ipswich is very large, and the strangers naturally said, if we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houses than at inns, we had better be where our horses can be taken care of. Thus few private lodgings were let, the inns were full, and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours.

An Italian, whose name was *Grimani*, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was strolling about, to find himself near Billingsgate, seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short,
the

the fishwomen and watermen determined to give him what they termed a compleat black-guarding. *Grimani*, who scarcely understood a word of English, hearing the word *damn* frequently used, was struck as quick as lightning with the idea, that he could conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but to think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began: damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Aristotle, damn Demosthenes, damn Plato, damn Anaxageras, damn Scipio, damn Hanibal, damn Pliny, damn Agamemnon, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscles, which was a thing extremely easy for him to do, into the utmost contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, *damme, come along Jack, we stand no chance with this fellow, he black-guards ten times better than any of us can.*

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, he was continually kept in his cabin from indisposition, while her ladyship was in very good health, and constantly on deck. One fine day she coaxed him out to enjoy a little air; and as he was walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a *shark* was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he beckoned to one of the sailors, to tell him what it was. Being asked the question; Why don't you know, an't please your honour? said the Jack Tar. No, said Sir Elijah, what is the name of it? Why, replied the tar, I don't know what name they call 'em by ashore, but here we call em *sea lawyers*.

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on the stage in *King Richard*; and on his reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience,

received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequence and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To this he answered: These are fine lofty words; but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, *that you cannot afford to buy a better pair of shoes.* The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried out: *Shoes! O damme, shoes are things we Kings don't stand upon.*

A noble commander, because he could not conceal it, was continually boasting of his rise from a private man. His constant expression was, did you ever see me do so and so, when I was a private soldier. One day, in the Island of St. Eustatius, as he was reviewing his troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks who was very dirty. Going up to him: How dare you, said he, appear in that nasty condition before me; your shirt is as black as ink; did you ever see me with such a dirty shirt? No, your honour, answered the poor man; to be sure, your honor, I never did; but then your honour will please to recollect, that your honour's mother was a *washer woman.*

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, during the late war, the 101st regiment gave way, and their places were immediately supplied by a battallion of black infantry. — A gentleman shortly afterwards in company with Colonel Kennedy, then of the Madras Artillery, and conversing on the subject, said he was surprised that they gave way; and so am I too, said the Colonel, for they are all *tried* men. How can you make out that? says the gentlemen, for they are a new regiment. Oh! by J——s, says the Colonel, they were all long since *tried at the Old Bailey.*

An unfashionable gentleman called on his taylor to pay his bill soon after the receipt of it, but not meeting with him at home, mentioned to his wife, that a pair of silk breeches

breeches was charged which he never ordered. I was always willing to please my husband's customers, and if you will just step into the next room, *I will take off your breeches immediately.*

A Duchefs, hearing that a man in a high post, where he had an opportunity to finger a great deal of money, had married his kept mistress; *Dear me, said she, that fellow is always robbing the public.*

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law: His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night he would tell him; which he agreed to. Why then, said the master, *good witnesses are the chief points in law.* When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them, according to agreement. O, Sir, says he, where is your *good witnesses?*

It was said of a certain country 'squire, at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered, though not in the least improved, that he went there a *leadén image*, but was returned one of *plaster of paris.*

A gentleman was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing swords, saying, he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be a dress rather of gravity than gaiety, and therefore should leave the sword to the military, and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being asked his reasons for it, replied, in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the *friends and relations of the many patients they now send out of the world.*

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a feaman, the council for the crown asked one of the witnesses, which he was for, plaintiff or defendant.—Plaintiff or defendant! says the sailor, scratching his head, *why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there!* pointing at the prisoner.—You are a pretty fellow for a witness, says the council, *not to know what plaintiff and defendant means!* Some time after, being asked by the same council, what part of the ship he was in at the time; *abast the binnaele*, my lord, says the sailor. *Abast the binnacle!* replied the barrister; what part of the ship is that? Ha! ha! ha! chuckled the sailor, *are you not a pretty fellow for a counsellor,* (pointing archly at him with his finger) *not to know what abast the binnacle is!*

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. Your lordship, replied the gentleman, is welcome to break the *tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh.*

The duchess of Dorset sent a card of invitation to Mr. Pitt, with her respects, and to request his company to dinner at ten o'clock the next day; when he returned for answer, he was sorry he could not attend her Grace's invitation, as he was engaged to *sup at nine o'clock the same day with the Bishop of Lincoln.*

A young gentleman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them put the question to him, how he managed to have such good luck: Why, madam, says he, I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way.

The late Dr. Young had occasion to pay a visit to archbishop Potter's son, then Rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. This gentleman lived in a country where the roads were deep and miry. Dr. Young, after much danger and difficulty, arrived at the house, when he enquired whose field that was he had just crossed. It is mine, answered his friend. True, said the poet, *Potter's field to bury strangers.*

Sir Walter Raleigh one day smoaking in his study, inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer; when the fellow entered the room, he threw all the liquor in his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, fire! fire! *Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose.*

Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having a large company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who on delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, who was making many apologies for the accident. Be under no concern, my dear sir, said the bishop, smiling, I think it is rather a lucky omen, we have hitherto had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain, *for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.*

A certain captain, remarkable for his *uncommon height*, being one day at the rooms at Bath, a lady noticing him, enquired who he was; when she was informed of his fa-

mily and connexions, and that he had been originally intended for the church; to which she replied, he was better suited for the steeple.

A gentleman observing in a genteel assembly, that Dr. Graham, notwithstanding the notorious indelicacy of his lectures, was a man of such humanity, that he could not reconcile to himself the idea of feeding on animal food, and even wished, if possible, to be clothed, as well as fed, from the vegetable productions of the earth. *To clothe the doctor then, in his own way*, said a lady, as remarkable for her vivacity as her beauty and virtue, *his neckcloth should certainly be made of hemp.*

A gentleman lately deceased, who was much employed by the nobility to superintend works of taste, having finished an expensive head-piece to a canal, for a certain noble duke; after some short time it was discovered to leak; on which the duchess, expressing some disapprobation, the designer pertly replied: *I thought your Grace had known it is the fashion of the times to run out.*

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance: Pray, gentlemen, says he, are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning?

A man, whose wife had been for some time indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. Well, said the gentleman, I am going to club, send for me if I should be wanted. In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual; when the maid cried out: *Lord, sir, don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.* Yes, but I will, Betty, returned

turned he: *I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.*

Demetrius, king of Macedon, frequently retired from business, to indulge in sensual pleasures: on such occasions, however, he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonus, coming one day to visit him, during his pretended illness, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. Demetrius, the instant he beheld his fire, told him that the fever had just left him. *I believe you, my son, said Antigonus, for I think I met it at the door.*

As a press-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed; who pleaded, that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed: Haul him along, cries one of the tars; he is the very man we want; *we press a damned number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners.*

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both princes of very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas Moore, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. Never fear, man, said the King, if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power at least a head shorter. I am much obliged to your majesty, replied the facetious chancellor, *but I am much in doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.*

A young country girl in Lombardy, running after her she-ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road; who observing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out, whence
do

• you come, sweetheart? From Villejuiff, sir, said she. From Villejuiff! answered the gentleman; and do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillot, who lives there? Very well, replied the girl. Be so kind then, returned he, as to *carry her a kiss from me*; and throwing his arms round her neck, was about to salute her. *Hold, sir*, cried the girl, disentangling herself from his rude embrace, *since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to give your kiss to my ass, as she will be there some time before me.*

A patriotic candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set. *Then I won't vote for you*, cried the farmer. Why not? said the patriot; I thought you a friend to your country.—So I am, replied the yeoman, and for that reason I am not for a change in the ministry. *I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near so expensive; so that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.*

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bomfof, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement; which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, *Get out of my way boy!* *That boy, sir*, said the doctor, very calmly, *is a post-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body.*

A sailor passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason of the strange proceeding.—Damn it, replied Jack, *why should not every tub stand upon its own bottom.*

A cer-

A certain pope being informed that some Jews were desirous of the honour of an audience, said—*Jews! No, how can they expect to be admitted, who were the murderers of our dear Saviour!* But hearing afterwards that they were much afflicted at his refusal, having brought a very valuable present for his holiness, as a token of their respect, he cried, with a seeming careless concern, *Well, well, admit them, poor uninformed ignorant wretches, they knew not what they were doing.*

An honest peasant, settled in a small village, where in a short time he gained the good will of all his neighbours, he had, however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it so much at heart, that she absolutely fell sick, and died. The good man lamented the loss of his help-mate with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained for some months quite inconsolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation.—My friend, said one of them, the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young and honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and I shall be happy to call you son-in-law. Another, on this, offered him his sister; and a third, his niece.—*Good God!* exclaimed the mourner, *what a strange place this is! since a man who lives here had better lose his wife than his cow: My wife is dead, and lo! you tell me I may pick and chuse, to supply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another.*

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a certain sea port town, discovered over an admiral's door, an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an ale-house.—The gentleman (a ruddy looking portly man) standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, *Damn it, landlord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.*—

The

The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer, which being done, the jolly tar, drank towards the landlord's good health, and enquired what was to pay, which the officer told him he might settle the next time he came that way.

One Sunday, during the last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish church, in the diocese of Gloucester, were set open, to admit more air, while the congregation were assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse) who by the bye was not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a jack-ass which had been grazing in the church yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this a wag present, immediately got from his seat, and with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, *One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!* The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

The late king of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them? I will not affirm, said Sir Robert, that an equal number could beat them, but *I really believe from my soul, that half the number would be willing to try.*

An old Roman foldier being involved in a law-suit, implored the protection of Augustus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the emperor's coolness, exclaimed—*I did not use your highness thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!* disclosing, at the same time, several wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. The retort so affected Augustus,

Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

Few people were greater admirers of prudence and economy than Sir Richard Steele was, in precept; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive frequently reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to some circumstances rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually met at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness, peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of an hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offer of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. Why, sir, says Sir Richard, I came for that very purpose; *and if you can lend me an hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it a favor.* Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been made only on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him

him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, *Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost in my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house.*—Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, and was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. And so, sir, says he, you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider, whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment. Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone of voice, that the baronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself:—Lord! my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour I did not remember—Bless me, I have an hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service. So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up; and then addressed him in the following manner: *Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are; yet, rather than be made a fool, I choose to accept this hundred pound, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency.*—But that the next favor may be conferred with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expediency to preserve your recollection. Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor baronet, who was not a little surprised at the oddity of his behaviour.

Lord M——— on a visit the other day to Carlton house, was struck with amazement at the prince's Highlander, against whose knee pan his lordship by accident brushed his nose. The highlander *bco'd doon*, and hoped he had not offended; and this his lordship took so kindly, that he put a piece of money in his hand, and at the same time said, *you are one of the most extraordinary animals I ever saw!*

saw! The highlander, with peculiar archness, refused the money, saying, *My Lord, we naw tak any thing from one a nother.*

Jack Quick last season at Brighton, after having sweated through a long play and farce, was regaling himself behind the scenes with a tankard of brown stout—when Lord Barrymore was applauding him with, *Well done, old Barnaby.*—I thank your Lordship, I was old Barnaby, but at present I am stout *Little John.*

When Quick was playing, (as he lately did with some applause) Richard the Third, for his benefit, a wag enquiring what could induce him to sport himself in tragedy—when he was answered :

*Be it for better, be it for worse,
The Treasurer says it weightens the purse.*

It is to be remembered, that this excellent comedian, who so inimitably pours the old character, made his *debuts* in Alexander the Great, Lear, Hamlet, and a long list of *et cetera* characters.

Mrs. Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, saying one day, in the green room, that she imagined half the town took her for a man.—No, no, says Mrs. Clive ; you must certainly be mistaken, *for above half the town know you to be a woman.*

A quaker enquiring after the health of a certain nobleman, was told that he was excessively afflicted with the gravel ; I am glad of it, says the quaker.—How ! cried the other, glad that his lordship is troubled with the gravel ! I tell you, friend, I am glad, replied the quaker, extremely glad ; *because I hope, since he is so much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.*

A cour-

A courtier of queen Elizabeth's, whom she had long encouraged to hope for some favour, vexed at repeated disappointments, was one morning walking pensively in her garden, when her majesty, calling to him from a window, said, *Sir Edward, what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?* the knight, after a moment's pause, with a very low bow, answered — *Of a woman's promise, Madam!* When the queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing instantly back, said to those about her, *I must not confuse him; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A French ambassador, at the court of queen Christiana, after having seen the best parts of her kingdom, being asked by her majesty, how he liked poor Sweden; he replied — *Aye, poor Sweden, indeed! madam; for by the mass, if the whole country were mine, I would give every inch of it for a farm in France or England.*

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when Senteuil, who was himself of that order, being present, said to him, *I am surprised, sir, that a person of your years and discretion should not yet know a monk.*

An Irishman meeting with one whom he had made a slight acquaintance a long time before, accosted him with, *Arrah by my shoul my dear honey, I am glad to see you now; but by my faith, joy, I have forgotten whether it be you or your brother.*

An Apothecary, who used to value himself on his skill in the nature of drugs, asserted, in a company of physicians, that all bitter things were hot. No, said a gentleman present, there is one of a very different quality, I am sure; *and that is a bitter cold day.*

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in
times

times of abstinence, being reproached by the pope, for not observing lent. *I assure your holiness, said he, that my heart is a Catholic one, but I must confess that I have a Lutheran stomach.*

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, in the presence of a very witty earl: *The original is indeed excellent, said his lordship, but every thing suffers by translation, except a bishop.*

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, *By G—d, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!* which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner, *It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither.* Being introduced, the Marshal asked what he had to say? *Why, my lord, said the culprit, when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, if it is your pleasure to be so; because if you won't, I must, that's all.*—The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

Dr. Johnson, travelling in the north of Scotland, could not see a house or tree in riding a great many mile, nothing but desolation and barrenness every where presenting themselves before his view; till at last he cast his eyes on a crow, that was perched on the stump of an old tree,

tree, kaving with great violence for want of food, which the doctor observing, could not help crying out, *Kaw, kaw, kaw, and be damn'd, if you will stay in such a country as this, when you have wings to fly away.*

A gentleman being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch to an Irish footman, and bade him set it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his master, without shewing he would do him what service he was able, he got a pickaxe, and dug up the sun-dial; which being done, he, with great labour carried it up to his master, and told him he did not very well understand setting watches by sun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might set his watch by it himself.

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other counsellors were very merry on the occasion. Well, now, says he, who the devil could help it, when there was an hundred Judges on the bench? An hundred! said a slander-by, there were but three.—By St. Patrick, replies he *there was a figure of one and two cyphers.*

Diogenes being asked how he could live in a nasty tub, when he might bask in the favor of a court, replied, It is true, I am deprived of the smiles of kings; but I don't find the sun is more ashamed of my tub than it is of a palace.

A quack, who had affected an unlucky phrase at every turn, cried, *So much the better!* Visiting a patient almost in the agony of death, he asked how he slept that night.—Not a wink, sir; *So much the better,* cries the doctor. He then enquired, how his fever was: O Lord! says the patient, I burn as if I were on fire; *So much the better,* quoth the

the quack.—How does your cough? I spit up my lungs, replied the sick man; *So much the better, still,* answers the quack. *Ah! dear doctor,* quoth the expiring patient, *what a pity it is that a man should go out of this world with all these fine symptoms.*

A plain country fellow coming up to London, was requested to enquire after a gentleman, and to deliver him a letter. It happened that the gentleman himself came to the door; and, willing to joke with the fellow, told him he had lost his labour, for the party after whom he enquired was hanged the last session for a robbery. For a robbery! quoth the countryman: Now, fie upon him for a vile, wicked man! *was he not content to be a notorious cuckold (for so he was reckoned in the country) but he must turn thief too!*

A country lass coming up to town to seek her fortune, had the good luck to be hired to an old rich mercer, who was a batchelor, and whom she pleased so well, that at last he married her. Her brother Dick, the chief of her own kindred, who was a downright honest ploughman, hearing of his sister's promotion, put on his holiday cloaths, took up his quarter's wages, and came up to London: and knowing the street by the direction of a letter, though not the house, enquired from door to door for his sister Joan, who had lately married her master; till at last he was lucky enough to find the right, where he was highly welcomed. Being at dinner, the old mercer said, *Well, brother-in-law, as I now must call you, I am glad to see you, or any of my wife's relations; she has been a good servant to me, and I hope she will make as good a wife: we have a plentiful estate, and all I wish for is a son to inherit it, which yet we have no hopes of.* At this, Dick, looking wistfully at his sister, bluntly cried, *How now, Joan; what art thou turned a barren sow in London? thou wast not reckoned so in the country!* And though she frowned, beckoned, and made dumb signs for him to hold his peace, still he went on.—
Well,

Well, brother, continued he, *as for an heir, you need not trouble yourself much about that; for she has a thumping boy in the country, got by Will Dobs, her master's thresh'er; and the parish would be glad enough to be discharged of it.*

At a late masquerade, a certain lady of high fashion asked a young nobleman, why he had not brought his sister to that heaven. Truly, madam, answered his lordship, *my sister, happily for her, has no such angelic notions.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings; and one being put upon his plate he found it stink so much that he could not touch it. However he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear.—The gentleman, at whose table he was seated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour; he told him that he had lost a brother at sea about a fortnight ago, and was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him.—Well, said the gentleman, pleasantly, and what answer did he make you? Why, replied the other very gravely, he told me that he could not possibly give me any account of my deceased brother, *as he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

At Croydon assizes, a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action for an assault. He deposed that he bled the plaintiff; and being asked upon oath, if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, *We always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*

A little gentleman of the long robe having a dispute with a remarkably bulky barrister, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket: If you do so, said the dapper, you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head.

Three young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudly merry : Good-morrow, father Abraham, said one : Good-morrow, father Isaac, said the next : Good-morrow, father Jacob, cried the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, replied the old gentleman, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo ! here I have found them.

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage ; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock ; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve ; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was : which he readily did ; When turning to the parents of the child : Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments ? *I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.*

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* At every division he concluded with his text ; which, by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the jest of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-
C. F. C Chancellor

Chancellor, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterbury, who, willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length consented: and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and sixth, waver not*: meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland. At first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text: *Sleep on now, and take your rest*. Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, Whereas I said before, which gave offence, *What, cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest*; and so left the University.

A humorous affair occurred during the Luggershal election. A country dealer having occasion to go that way and observing several coaches preparing to set off with some of the voters from this city, stepped into one of them, and unnoticed partook of all the good things attendant on the journey!—When he finally alighted at the place of destination, one of the agents observing him to be without a ribband, very civilly asked him to accept of a *favor*.—*Favor, sir*, replied the other, *I am very well satisfied with the favour I have already received, and as I am not qualified to return you the favor of a vote, I cannot think of accepting any more.*

A plain country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before. As he walked in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-lane, espied a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle

handle to it, and wondering what it meant, he took it in his hand, and played with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring. It so happened, that the merchant being near the door, went himself and demanded what the fellow would have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you, said the merchant. An Essex man, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, said the merchant, for I have often heard say, that *if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf*. It may be so, replied the countryman, and I think *a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold*.

A gentlewoman delighting in a plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night, lost his ring in the bed, which the other found in the morning after. The day following the first sees it on his friend's finger. After a great many arguings about it, they came to understand one another's intrigue. The man who lost it demands his ring, the other refuses; at last it was agreed that it should be left to the next comer-by, who should have the ring. It chanced to be the husband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudged *the ring should belong to him who owned the sheets*. Marry then, said they, *for your excellent judgment you shall have the ring*.

A gentleman riding near the forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow, what that wood was called. He said, Whichwood, Sir. Why, that wood, I tell thee. He still said, Whichwood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there. I may be so, replied the other, *but you know not Whichwood*.

A conceited person, after he had written several verses in praise of his mistress, beginning first with her head, and so proceeding upon every member down to her feet, missing no part but her neck: Oh, said one, there is good reason for that, *he reserves the neck verse for himself, knowing he shall have occasion for it hereafter.*

A noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. Why, really, said my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A person not belonging to Merton College, put his horse into a field thereunto appertaining; being warned of so doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the master of that college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. Say you so? said the parson: Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears. The servant returning, told his master what he said; whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who appearing, said the master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, I threatened you not, for I only said, *if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off his ears.*

A youth standing by whilst his father was at play observing him to lose a deal of money, burst into tears. His father asked him the reason why he wept? Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard

heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep the contrary way, *fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.*

A rich citizen of London, in his will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant sons. At the funeral the Blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of so great a gift, to sing before the corpse to the grave. As they marched along Cheapside this extravagant son led his mother, who, observing the boys made a rest, he opened his pipes in such a manner, that he was heard almost from one end of the street to the other; and still leading his mother, he continued thus singing till a kinsman came to him, and stopping his mouth, asked him his reason for his irreverent and indecent carriage. Why, cousin, said he, *the boys there at my father's death sing for something, and will not you let me sing for nothing?*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, When I solicited your chastity, if you had condescended, I would never have made you my wife, for I did it only to try thee. Faith, said she, I did imagine as much, *but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.*

A Lord intending to take in great part of a common belonging to a town, had agreed with the carpenter to have it railed in. My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some charges in the business: For, says he, do you but get posts, and I doubt not *but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*

A young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time, conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a Protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy

about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. For, said he, *I cannot embrace yours, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other.*

A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to achieve the enterprize, the captain advised the colonel to send but half so many men? Why so, said the colonel? Because, replied the captain, *they are enough to be killed.*

A person of quality coming into the church, to the place where several of his ancestors were buried: after he had said much in their commendation, and praised them for worthy men, Well, said he, *I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

The Bishop of D——— had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers, relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, *I have something in my hand, my Lords,* said he, for the benefit of the officers widows. Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupted him, asked, *In which hand, my Lord?*

In consequence of a great clamour made at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the evening of Edwin's benefit, on their being disappointed of a Prologue to a new farce, as was promised, Mr. Edwin came on the stage and assured them, the gentleman that had undertaken it had
broke

broke his word, having faithfully promised to send it him that morning, which he had not done; and besides, good folks, cried a wag in the pit, consider this is the *first of April*, therefore do not let us be out of humour at being made fools of, according to ancient custom. This stroke set the house in a roar, and the piece went on without any further interruption.

One evening, in a riot at the stage door of Drury-lane, a performer wounded a young fellow (who had drawn his sword upon him) slightly in the hand. The spark presently after came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door — The play was *Macbeth*; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, the tragedian repeated *and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood*. The young fellow bawls out, *Ay, reeking indeed! what does your conscience prick you? you rascal, that's my blood you drew just now*. The actor giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, *Damn your blood, I say*; and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

A London rider, returning home from a long journey, very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, *Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs when you have left off riding?*

It is well known to those who are in the habits of visiting the treasury, that the first lord's office is upon the first floor, that of the secretary of state, at the top of the building. Towards the latter end of 1783, when Lord North came into Mr. Fox's administration, as

secretary of state, the first day he attended office, thinking of his former situation, he was for turning into the old apartments. No, my lord, says a person with him, your present office is much higher up. Is it so, says his lordship, why then I find the truth of the old proverb, *farther on and fare worse.*

A merry fellow went to the celebrated Dr. Graham, and finding him within, begged to speak with him in the most private manner; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case. The fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, if it should come by any means to his friend's ears, he should be ruined, &c. The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. Well, says the fellow, I believe, Doctor, you are the only man that can cure me. The Doctor replied, he had no doubt but, let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner: I have been a sad raking dog, and so. Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such, can remove it in the most obstinate cases. Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street—you picked up a lady, I suppose, says the Doctor. No, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I besouled my fingers, therefore all I beg is, *that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future.*

A female sharper having looked out several pieces of filks at a mercer's facing the above celebrated Doctor's, after having a bill and receipt finished, begged the man of the shop to send them over to the Doctor's in a few minutes, and she would there pay for them. The lady afterwards went to the Doctor's, whom she begged to speak with, and then accosted him as follows. Doctor,
I have

I have a very near relation of mine, who has been a very great rake, and has thereby contracted a most vile disorder, he is withal so very modest, that he will not confess his disorder to any one, and indeed I found it out by mere accident. I have by a stratagem of pretending you want silks, persuaded him to visit you, and hope you will insist on knowing his disorder; and if you will effectually cure him, I will most thankfully repay the obligation. The doctor assured her he would comply with her request, and he did not doubt but he should make a perfect cure of him. The lady then retired, and going down stairs, met the man with the silks, which she took from him, saying, *Go to the Doctor who is up stairs, and he will pay you for them.* The misunderstanding that then must take place, is better conceived than expressed; but no doubt when they came to perfectly understand each other, they must admire the ingenuity and the plan; The Doctor would laugh with reason, while the poor mercer would hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

A couple of Irishmen, from the county of Kilkenny, meeting together, one had got lately married, Arrah, says the first, and how d'ye, and so you are after being married. Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months. Ay, faith, says Patrick, 'twasn't fery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing the stocking: well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got? for, upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprise, if you do not tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting? Why, Patrick, says Conno, *you know I am coal white, and she is coal black, and all our family is like to be pye-balls.*

A country fellow overthrew a cart full of onions into a pool of water. Ha, said he, *there wants nothing but salt and oatmeal to make good porridge.*

Whilst an ode of Cibber's was one day performing at court: Cibber being present, a popinjay of state wanted to enter into conversation with him. Cibber cut him short by saying, *My dear Lord, be silent, I only now want to hear my own nonsense.*

Lord Melcombe, whose Diary was published a few years since, to the disgrace of his memory, as it proved him to be a mean, fluctuating, venal character, was, when his name was plain *Bubb*, intended by the administration of that time to be sent ambassador to Spain. While this matter was in contemplation, Lord Chesterfield met him, and touching upon the proposed embassy, told *Bubb*, that he did not think him by any means fit to be the representative of the crown of England, at the Spanish Court. *Bubb* begged to know the ground of his objection. Why, said his lordship, your name is much too short,—*Bubb—Lubb—*do you think the Spaniards, a people who pride themselves on their family honours, and the length of their titles, will suppose a man can possess any dignity or importance with a name of *one syllable*; and which is pronounced in a second? No, my friend, you must not think of Spain, unless you make some addition to your name. *Bubb* desired his lordship to say, what he would have him do. Lord Chesterfield pausing a moment, exclaimed, I have it—*what do you think of calling yourself Silly Bubb.*

A captain of a man of war, who had got a circle round him, in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phenomenon which he had seen at sea; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, he did not believe him. Why, said the gentleman, did you see it? Yes, I did, answered the captain. Well, if you saw it, said the gentleman, I will believe, *but I would not believe it if I had seen it myself.*

The captain, however, soon after returned the compliment; for the gentleman was one of those who shot with

with a long bow, or in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his fallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded story, the captain gave a hem; upon which the other made up to him; and so, captain, says he, you won't believe this? Why, yes, says the captain, I will to oblige you;—*but I would not believe such another lie for any man upon the face of the earth.*

A person describing a snuff box he had seen, which was an Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck, said it was a gipsey's nipple set in pinch-gut.

Lady Grosvenor being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering, while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. Nay, nay, answered the lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my Lord *practise the Whole Duty of Man, then I will read the Practice of Piety.*

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's coffee-house; a gentleman just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, *Pray, young man, have you got any sand about you?* No, friend, says Swift, *but I have got some gravel, and if you will give me your letter, I will piss upon it directly.*

Two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be ar-

bitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed, to the best of their abilities, before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner : As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the first, you are by much the *worst* finger I ever heard in my life. Ah, said the other, exulting, I knew I should win my wager. Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after Dr. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. I have not the least doubt of his ill nature, says Hayes, so he would *the ancients too, if he knew their names.*

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the Countess of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate constitution) gave evident signs of an amorous disposition.— Among the rest of his amours, he very warmly solicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved so indecently to her, that she was under the necessity of complaining to her lady. How is this, Sir, says her ladyship, that you can behave so rude in my house? Lord, madam, says the other, to tell you the truth, Nancy did look so charming, *flesh and blood could not refrain.* Come, come, Charles, returned her ladyship, let me hear no more of such doings in this house : it may be an excuse for *flesh and blood, but I am sure it can be none for skin and bone.*

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment: *No, nor powder neither, said the gentleman, if your lordship could help it.*

A person in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, or at Mr. Jocelyn's, an apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, wrote as follows: "Dyewrest for me, at the Serjeant's Head, in Sowwal, or at Mr. Jaw flings potty carrier, under the Phha Common Garding."

A certain Irish gentleman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, *he could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

When the Coterie was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club; one of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however, for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; for says she, suppose a lady and a gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be an awkward situation? Not at all, madam, said Lord Har——g——n, who happened to be present, for you know, a gentleman and a lady can readily make a third.

Upon an extraordinary occasion, there was a ball at Wapping. The men concerned in it were made up of a crew of sailors and colliers. The colliers, who came in last, observing the sailors, contrary to their expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces, and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them, Look ye, lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you

will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room, and jostle among the sailors for their places; *and I will engage, though we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.*

A woman having a cross grained husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance. This was done, and she well observed her rules; when one day, going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, he reeled into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out. Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders; but I'll go home and see, and if there be, I'll come and help you: or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.

Once, as the Prince of Conde was passing on foot thro' a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low congee the old gentleman made him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince caught him upon the half bend, and setting his hands upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again a second time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

A constable, whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow, who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was, the other strutting with his staff, said, I am he. You are: *Nott* the constable, replied the other. Then said Mr. constable *Nott*, I say I am the constable, and that you shall

shall find, to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. You do not hear me, replied the other, deny your authority; for I say, *you are Not the constable*. Well, take him to the compter. And the next morning the Constable's ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own name, when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees; and give the party he had committed a treat of a guinea, to be friends with him.

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise thro' the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned, who was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea? Half a guinea! your honour, said the ragged wit, change for half a guinea from me, by C—, Sir, *you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle*.—His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold and walked off.

The first night the pantomime of Fortunatus was performed last season, at Drury-lane Theatre, a player was placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the petrified figures that appear in succession in that piece.~ Go on! go! said the Prompter, when it came to his turn, 'tis not my turn yet, said the fellow, I am not to go on till Mr. Grimaldi is petrified.

The day before Miss Satchell was married, she was in company where the merit of the great Kemble was the topic; a lady turned to Miss Satchell and asked her, with a significant smile, which was the great Kemble? Upon my word, said the young lady, with a deep blush, I cannot now inform you. In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a visit of congratulation, and asked her if the great Kemble had been to visit her? Visit me! visit me! said the pretty bride, Lord, my dear, I am in possession of the great Kemble!

The

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of 17s. in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some half-pence, a little silver and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a stranger there? Indeed I have Mr. Fig, replied the wit, returning it again very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*

The following anecdote has been related by an American gentleman, and may be depended on as a fact.—When the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how he, a single man, could capture five? Why, says the Irishman, *please your Excellency, by Jafus, I surrounded them!*—The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries; says the Dutchman, your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it, you have your
Portis-

Portsmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths; and you are all mouths together. Ay, replies the Englishman, and you have your *Amsterdams*, and your *Rotterdams*, and G—d—— you all together, say I.

The D. I. O. of lady Wallace, was a joke in circulation some time ago at Bath—A silly custom took place among the affected people of fashion who frequented that place, of using initials in their cards, instead of intelligible words. The card left on taking leave of the place was P. P. C. which turned into language, was *Pour prendre conge*—A plain Englishman, to ridicule this affectation, left a card at every house where he had visited with the letters D. I. O. which engaged the curiosity, and exercised the penetration of the tabbies at the tea table for a week, when the gentleman, in a letter to a friend, condescended to tell them its meaning, viz. *Damme I am off*.

Madam Rollan, who lately died at Paris, was a principal dancer, at Covent-Garden, as far back as fifty years past, when she was held in that public esteem, that having one day sprained her ankle, no less an actor than *Quin* was ordered by the managers to make an apology to the audience, for her not appearing in the dance. *Quin*, who, in addition to his aversion of the French, looked upon all dancers as the mere garnish of the stage, at first demurred, but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came forward, and in a course way, thus addressed the audience,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night, is obliged to be postponed on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle, *I wish it had been her neck, the B—— damme*.

Macklin being asked by a gentleman in the boxes, what sort of a dancer Madam Rollan was? he replied, Why, Sir, *about half a century ago we had nothing like her*.

Mr.

Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the Theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him most violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, "Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

When the celebrated Miss Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabbin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter; Catley answered him, *Oh, Sir, it is only water parted from the Sea in a forte strain.*

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account—Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? *I am searching,* says Diogenes, *for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.*

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent.

vent Garden Theatre. By G—, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress. Do not talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week I will take care to pay you in some shape or other. You will oblige me, replied the creditor, *and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible.*

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying he knew no difference between a shilling and six-pence. To which a sly old economist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence.*

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkley-square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. Do you consider, said Nash, when they were come to Berkley-square, that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now, you should be glad to do, *you must have gone there yourself.*—You mistake, Sir, replied the fellow, *for I should have backed you in.*

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring kingdom, was no better than the son of an alewife. While he was in this high station, a countryman, who held a considerable farm under him, came one day to pay him a large sum for rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a bottle with some guests of quality; knowing his tenant, though a rustic, to be a man of some vapity, he thought he should gratify that, in a high degree, by admitting him into the dining room, and therefore, with an apology, begged his company's permission for so doing. He was accordingly

ly introduced, and, after a few scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at an end of the side-board. A few complimentary questions being over, about his health, and that of his good wife and children, my lord told him, there were variety of liquors; but that, as he supposed, wine (being unused to it) might not be altogether suitable to his palate, the butler should fill him a bumper of good October. The Farmer had sense enough to take this degradation of his taste for an affront, and was resolved to revenge it. He drank the beer, and, when it was down, smacked his lips, as if he was highly pleased. My lord fancying that to be the case, merrily asked him how he liked it? Why, really, replied the arch rogue, I cannot say but that it is very good; *and yet, by my faith, I think that I have drank better at your mother's, the Crooked Billet, formerly, for two-pence per quart!*

Two gentlemen, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length one of the husband's dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself hereupon to one of his acquaintances, I cannot conceive, said he, how it is; I was very happy with my first wife; so was my present wife with her former husband; and yet we two cannot agree by any means: but there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.—Not so strange as you seem to think it, said his acquaintance, I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, *there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones were taken away, and the two fools are left alive.*

Some

Some time ago, Mr. Wilkes, dinning at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the aldermen; who, tho' against him in the city, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as furly and churlish a reply. However, Wilkes took no further notice, than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, *My steak, my steak, my steak!* which at length was brought him: then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said, pretty loud, Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. *There the bear is brought to the stake; here the steak is brought to the bear.*

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn? *Why,* replied the Oxonian, *the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!*—Are you sure of that? replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, *as I am for expedition, your money this instant.* The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited on his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations—Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, Which was the cook? who readily answered, Me, Sir. He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, *Here is half a crown for my eating; and to the other, Here is five shillings for my wine; but, by G—, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

A pun

A punster going along the Strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathering to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing-cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, What was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered, one *Vowel*!—Ah! said the quariest, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are several of that name?* No, returned the other, I do not. Well, said the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet *Aristophanes*, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—Oh! says Pope, *farcaſtically, by all means, pray let the young man look at it;* upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, *that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible, which was really the case.* And pray master, says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat) *what is a note of interrogation?*—A note of interrogation (replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!*) 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, there is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner. Ay, answered the Englishman, *that was because every man toasted his own cheese.*

When

When it was reported that Dr. Ford, one of the Patentees of Drury-lane, had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford, said, he must certainly be very avaricious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the *pit* in Drury-lane, which was superior in value to any coal-pit in England; and with respect to the *vein* he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour, suited to the taste of the town.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony, Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, *if the first night would last always.*

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen? Only a *cobbler's end*, replied he.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer. Here, Mercury, said he, *take away this bottle full of emptiness.* Said one of company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head.*

Quin, one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset-House, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, that there was some nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot. Well then, said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it. A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon enquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him *twelve shillings.* By G—, madam, it must be a mistake: how do you sell your daubs a pound? Sir, she replied, rather pertly, we do not sell it by the pound! No, said he, I find you do not; but, by G—, *you sell it at half a crown an ounce.*

The

Some ladies in the green room, whose legs were remarkably pretty, and as such displayed them by short petticoats, were mentioning an excursion and entertainment they had at Richmond — that there were not proper vegetables: some liked peas — some liked cauliflowers — at last it came to *Quick's*: for my part, says *Jack*, ladies in your company should have been contented with *turn-ups*.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him, that he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. Good, my lord, replied the officer, for heaven's sake do not mistake; *the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's, for she has fed me on credit for above twelve months.*

Jemmy Whitley having once been absent from company about a week, *hunting for a town*, on his return, he was resolved to watch the motions of his gentlemen. Accordingly, wrapping his great coat loosely round him, to pass the door-keeper unobserved, he paid down his money, and placed himself in a corner of the pit. The play was *Richard the Third*. The performers not being very accurate in their parts, he, with a pocket book and pencil, set down each blunder upon paper, in order that, when Saturday morning came, he might stop the forfeits of their salaries. He frequently expressed his disapprobation, by distorting his muscles, in a sort of tragi-comic grin, at every blunder that was made. At length comes on the catastrophe, when the heroes, Richmond and Richard, were determined to surprise the audience with a good fight. Accordingly, to it they fell — the one with an old broad sword and the other with a rusty foil — and kicking up a terrible riot, this sham fight had the desired effect, inasmuch that a lady, knowing Whitley, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Mr. Whitley, stop the gentlemen, or they will murder one another!" The manager drily answered, "Do not frighten yourself, madam, — they are too intent upon murdering the play to hurt themselves."

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family affirmed, that when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London. Ay, says a gentleman in company, I suppose that was because you came up in a *waggon* with a *bell team*.

One meeting an old acquaintance whom the world had frowned upon a little, asked him where he lived? Where I live, said he, I do not know; but I *starve* towards wapping and that way.

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him, Why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered them, that his fore horse was a *lawyer* and the rest were his *clients*.

The Count de Soysons was seated at play one evening, when happening to cast an eye up at a looking-glass that was before him in the apartment, he saw a man at the back of his chair, whose physiognomy predicted nothing in its owner's favour, and gave the count suspicion.—He had reason for his mistrust; for he had not far long before he felt the diamond loop of his hat cut away.—He took no notice, but pretended a necessity to go down stairs, and desired the thief to play his cards in the mean time, which he could not refuse. The count immediately descended into the kitchen, and got a large carving knife; then going softly behind the fellow, dextrously took him by the ear, and cut it off; then holding it out to him, said, Return me my *diamond loop*, sir, and I will return your *ear*.

A party amusing themselves one night at the Duchesse de Maine's with finding ingenious differences between any two given subjects. *What is the difference between*
C. F. D *tween*

tween me and a watch? said the duchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, who was present—*A very material one, madame,* said the cardinal; *when we look on a watch we remember the flight of time, but when we look on your grace we forget it.*

A Gascon foldier's comrade asked him what made him tremble so as they were marching to the attack. *My body,* replied he, *trembles to think on the dangers to which it knows it will soon be exposed by the bravery of my soul.*

Mr. Fox, on his late canvass, having accosted a tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote: the blunt elector replied—*I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!* Mr. Fox instantly retorted—*My friend, I applaud your sincerity but d—n your manners.*

Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a croud of people, *Take care young man,* said he, *that you do not hit your father.*

The Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, and by that means gave them the power again to injure him. *What,* said the noble-minded monarch, *do not I destroy mine enemies when I make them my friends?*

A Lacedemonian was fallen under his enemy in the field of battle, and saw the sword lifted to pierce him in the back.—*Strike me in the breast,* said he, turning briskly about, *that my friends may not blush for me after my death.*

A person waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets and fell into a slumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were passing that way, and one of them being in a frolicksome humour, called the dead man by his
name

name and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The dozing person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, *Yes, I am coming!* and immediately rose to join them; the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds.

A gentleman happened to have high words with a butcher in St. James's Market, was at last so provoked that he raised his cane, and threatened to give him a good dressing — *No, master, says his antagonist, it shall only be lent, and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest.*

A gentleman threatening to give a poor fellow a good dressing, — the man replied, *I am very much obliged to your honour; but as you are a gentleman, you ought to be the best dressed; and, if you please, I will undertake you shall be so.*

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty — very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty, but that she had a bad set of teeth. *Very true, but she is a fine woman in spite of her teeth.*

A French clergyman whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, *Because I know as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.*

Henry Stevens relates an anecdote of a dawfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to clime upon the table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed, or out of humour, would look down as if from a two pair

pair of stairs window, and ask *who it was that kept grumbling there below.*

A tatling fellow came and told a person of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging for God's sake that the other would not tell it again. *Never fear, said the person, I shall at least be as discreet as yourself.*

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. *I beseech your Grace, said Malherbe, to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am.*

A certain auctioneer's coach happened a few years ago, to prevent some noblemen's carriages from drawing up after the play, Lord——desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, *Mr. Auctioneer your coach is going! a going! It's gone!* to the great mortification of the auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other—*arraah Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!*—*No honey!* replied he, *no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.*

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the dean? who desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the
Mermaid

Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. *Fir how many, and please you honour?* says Boniface. *Why,* replies the parson, *I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Cannon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's chaplains.* The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived a large table was set out, and the cloth laid, *How's this,* cries his reverence *you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company.* — And please your honour replied the landlord, *Parson Single church called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Cannon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I'd got enough.* — Oh, very well, coolly answered the dean, who now recollected himself, *I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me.*

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *Country sense.* Why faith, madam, says the fellow, *country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.*

A gentleman in king Charles the II'd's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the king himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly

asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely; which he repeated often. The king observing how over thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason, why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied him his suit: The rather and please your majesty, replied the gentleman, than if you gave me a thousand put-offs; but your majesty has sav'd me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once. *God's fish, said the king, thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty.*

A merry drolling fellow, who lived with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who lived a few miles off, was asked how his lady did; Ah, dear madam, replied the fellow, *she can never live long in this condition.*

A person advising a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in the stronger termes, told her it would be more convenient for her, because his concerns in the country joined to her's. Ay, says the lady, *but his concerns shall never join to mine in the city.*

A lady observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was—The sun to be sure says an Irish gentleman present, is a very fine body, but in my opinion, the moon is much more useful: for the moon affords us *light in the night-time when we really want it*, whereas we have the sun with us only in the day time, when we have no occasion for it.

A miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one that would bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser,

to baffle him, alledged there were a hundred and ~~ten~~ pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appeared that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel—The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say. Yes, my lord, says he. Then replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court it cannot be your money; *for here are only an hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears.*

A late chancellor of the Exchequer, who lived in the house at present occupied by Mr. Pitt, and which belongs to that office, on quitting it after his dismissal, protested he would never again live in a *house of office*.

A booby of a country squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chambermaid bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbing over her with great tenderness, sobbed out, that he was sorry she felt so much pain on his account. ~Don't make thyself uneasy, love, said the wife, I can't bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault*.

The Marquis de la Scallas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency.—Soon after which the Major-Domo entered the dining-room in a great hurry, and told the Marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. Regard not the price! cried the Marquis; pay the money directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have? An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he

will not bate a single blow. On this the whole company ran down stairs to see so singular a man.—A fine fish! cried the Marquis; what is your demand, my friend? Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman; I will not take money.—If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an *hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back*; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.—Rather than lose the fish, said the Marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he, to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands; but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much.—The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders.—Now, my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due. The Whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing himself to the servant—Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman; I have now had my full share of the price.—*Your share!* exclaimed the Marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged, that he shall have full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and bye own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.—And pray, my honest friend, said the Marquis, who is this partner? Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me unless I would promise him *half* what I should obtain for the fish. Ho, ho! exclaimed the Marquis, laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven he shall have double his demand in full tale. The porter was accordingly sent for, and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The Marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, desiring him to call annually for the like

like fum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had done him.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are univerfally known, was returning home from the play-houfe in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare-Market. Just as the coach paffed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexteroufly threw himfelf out at the coach window into the room.—The coachman, who faw nothing of this tranfaction, defcended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the ftep; then taking off his hat, he waited for fome time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length looking into the coach, and feeing it empty, he beftowed a few hearty curfes on the rafcal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the ftand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himfelf into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and defired him to turn about. The coachman, almoft petrified with fear, inftantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and after reproaching the fellow with ftupidity, tendered him his money.—No, God blefs your honour, faid the coachman, my mafter has ordered me to take no money to night.—Pshaw, faid Rich, your mafter's a fool; here's a fhilling for yourfelf. No, no, faid the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, that won't do. *I know you too well, for all your shoes: and Jo, Mr. Devil, for once you are out-witted.*

The late Lady Tyrawly, who was very fhort-fighted, being on a chriftening vifit, her ladyfhip waited below ftairs a confiderable time with much impatience to fee the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal fcuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyfhip was feated, fhe immediately rofe, and being

extremely desirous of complimenting the family, with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility.—
 La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! my lord duke's *nose*, my lady duchess's *mouth*; my dear nurse, this is an universal joy; *for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature!* The company stared; and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's dear delightful baby.

A Master of Arts being reduced to extreme poverty begged some relief of a locksmith, who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art, to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. Alas! replied the scholar, I am a master of *seven*. Of *seven*! replied the locksmith; they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not all able to keep you; for my part, I have only *one*, as you see, which maintains *seven* of us; myself, my wife, and *five* children.

At the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Halifax Being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims. I remember, said his lordship, to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *geese*, but I do not recollect that those *geese* were made *consuls*.

The Emperor Solyman, that haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds; in his attack on hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that
 some

some of his foldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth. You must then have been in a *very deep sleep*, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers. Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness *watched for the public safety*. The prince who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

A late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the house of commons, retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas.—Just before this business was about to come into the house, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not, by any means, consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. No, no, sir, replied the spirited client, I was weak enough to *give you a fee*, but I am not quite fool enough to go to *law with you*; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. *I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!* Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

A certain colonel who made the fine fire-works in St. James's-Square, to celebrate the peace of Ryfwick, being

in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then set up in the abbey, on Mr. Purcel's monument—

He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said one of the ladies, the same epitaph might serve you, by altering a single word :

He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be exceeded.

His present Majesty happened to see the Rev. Dr. **** at the play, expressed some surprise at seeing a divine at such a representation. Sire, replied the doctor, I am not ashamed at being at any place where the head of the church thinks proper to be present.

A chimney-sweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violent contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward, and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers; after which, confidently claiming the expected reward.—No, no, says the chimney-sweeper, I shan't vote for you; for I am very sure, he that would kiss my hand would kiss the minister's a—se.

A collection was made to build the hospital of bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open, from
the

the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match still having the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service.— After diverting themselves a while with the dispute, they knocked, and presenting themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as he had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprise, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprise is occasioned by a thing of little consequence. I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts. — When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking *half so much of the four hundred guineas which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire.*

The late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive, even to impertinence, into the business of every stranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The Doctor well knew the disposition of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in, and go over the same ground, so he determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, sir,
Bray

Pray let me see her.—Madam was introduced with much form.—How many children have you? Four, sir. I should be happy to see them. The children were sought, and introduced. How many servants have you? Two, sir, a man and a woman. Pray fetch them. When they came the doctor asked if there were any other persons in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of —— years of age, reside at Philadelphia, and am going from thence to Boston; I sent for you all, that if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you, which done, *I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.*

When Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in rapture, Carry that man another 20l. proceeding still, he said, give him 20l. more. But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, Go, turn that fellow out of the house, *for if I read on I shall be ruined.*

In an assembly the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon a new publication, which was highly praised by a nobleman, who had just perused it. A person in company, understanding, from what the nobleman said, that he was a stranger to the author, went in quest of him, knowing him to be hard by, and introduced him to the nobleman; at the same time, intimating, that he stood in need of pecuniary assistance. His lordship coldly told the author he liked the work very well, and drawing out his purse, made him a present of it; in which was *sixty-two guineas.*

That

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated Naval Review at Portsmouth made so much noise in the world; one of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the Green Room, whipt open his waistcoat, the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened, by observing, the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a *Naval Review* without going to Portsmouth.

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patroles, and asked where he was going: He being intoxicated with liquor, told them, he came from where they would like to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their ears. They then asked his name and where he lived. My name, says he, is seven and twenty shillings, and where I live is out of the king's dominions. Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patroles. Upon which he said, Please your worship, I was at a punch-house, where I had good liquor, which made me say, they would *wish to be there*; and was going home to my wife, where they had *no right to come*; my name is *moidore*; and I live in *Little Britain*. This answer so pleased the Justice that he was discharged immediately.

A cardinal, highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. No, says the Pope, they are quite the *reverse*; for without them the world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another.

The famous Rabelias followed the Cardinal of Lorrain to Rome, and attended on him as his physician.—This prelate being gone to pay his duty to the new Pope, Gregory XIII. was, according to custom, admitted to
the

the honour of kissing his holiness's toe. Rabelais, who was present, appearing surpris'd and shocked at the sight of such a beastly action, hasten'd out of the room, and went away. The cardinal on his return home asked him angrily, what made him run away before he was presented to the pontiff, with the gentlemen of his retinue.—I crave your Eminency's pardon, answered Rabelais; but seeing you, who are a cardinal, a great prince, and my master, *kiss the Pope's toe*, I thought the greatest honour that could fall to my share would be to *kiss his holiness's backside*.

King James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers: By my fault, returned the peer, he that made your majesty a king, *spoiled the best fool in Christendom*.

A young gentleman desirous of being admitted into the law, was asked a question by one of the gentlemen of the long robe: Suppose, says he, your client had a debt owing him of nine pounds nineteen shillings, and the plaintiff was going to leave the country; How would you act? Why, says the young student, *I would lend him another shilling*.—This answer so well pleased the judges, that they afterwards consulted, and admitted him.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court to another; to whom the client replied, Let him remove to the *devil, if he pleases, I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it*.

Cardinal Wolsey was first minister of state to Hen. VIII. and in great favor with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the king; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. *Had I served my*
6
God

God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, No, no, Doctor; talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance. — The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, He should be incorrigible not to improve with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to *dance attendance*. Have I so, doctor, says the Earl; then e'en take the *living*, and my daughter *Sophia* shall teach you to turn your toes out.

There was a patron in England that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master. — The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying, Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice. — Tush, tush, said he, this is no apple matter, I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these in my own orchard. The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master had said. Then, replied the priest, desire him to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for. — He accordingly cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. Marry, quoth he, this is a *good apple*. The priest standing not far off, and hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, They are all as *one apple*, I assure you, sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one *taste*. Well, he is a *good fellow*, let him have it, said the patron, and get you a *graft* of this tree, and I'll warrant it to you in better *stead* than all *St. Paul's* learning.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large

large family to maintain, had been under the necessity through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several of the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and, in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed on a friend to officiate on Sundays for him. He however considered that this way of life could not last long, he took courage and resolved to preach on the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words:

Have patience with me and I will pay you all.

He divided his discourse into two general heads: First, *Have patience with me.* Secondly, *And I will pay you all.*—He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, patience; after which, *And now,* says he, having done with my first head, viz. *Have patience,* I now come to my second and last general head, which is, *And I will pay you all.*—*But that I must leave for another opportunity.* Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

A gentleman once was called upon a jury at the Old Bailey, but he being distressed in circumstances resolved to turn upon the road to mend his fortune, upon which he ordered his barber to make him a scarlet wig, which he wore, and robbed two gentlemen; after which he threw the wig away. A countryman with his team travelling the road, picked it up, and admiring it, throws off his cap and put on the scarlet wig, thinking it was the fashion in London; he soon after arrived in town, and the two gentlemen who were robbed seeing the countryman, immediately took him in custody, supposing him to be the man who robbed them; he was brought up to the Old Bailey

Bailey for trial, and swore to by the two gentlemen.—The real highwayman was on the Jury, who thought it a cruel circumstance that an innocent man should suffer, and putting on the wig, said to the gentlemen, Who was it robbed you? O, says the gentlemen, it was you, you are the man, we are sure.—Then says the judge to them, Why you two will say it is me if I put on the wig.—*You have already sworn to one, and you want to swear to another; turn them both out of court, or they'll swear to me next.*

A very ignorant person, but extremely foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went there to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book and smile, asked him, what there was in that book to make him smile?—Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack: Is it so? says he, pray let me see it; for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me. Upon which, taking it into his hand, he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by some of his friends; Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed.

A gentlemen being arrested for a pretty large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed great friendship for him, to beg that he would bail him; the other told him, that he had promised never to be bail for any body; but with much kindness said, I will tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else, if you can!

When

When king Charles the First was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the Earl of Stafford's execution, saying, it was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject; a certain favorite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his majesty, by telling him, that in such an exigence a man had better part with his *crutch than his leg*.

Some rattling young fellows from London putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there, says one of them, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman.—So coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, saying, there is half a crown for you, countryman. The former, after recovering a little from his surprise, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, I thank you for your kindness, friend, there is *two shillings of your money back again*.

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. Pox, said he, I have had trouble enough to *borrow the money*, and had not need be troubled to *pay it again*.

A country-woman being sick, bequeathed her sow with pig to the parson, who thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after and took the sow away.—The good woman recovering, asked for her sow, and being told the parson she had left it to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. Bless us, says she, the parson is worse than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he will do it, but I did but once bid the *parson take my sow*, and he fetched her immediately.

A lady, whose beauty was very much upon the decline, having sent her picture to a gentleman that was to come
a wooing

a wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when she was coming to dress her, to take care in repairing her decays a little, or she should not look like her picture. I warrant you, madam, says she, laying on her bavarian red; a little art made your picture like, and now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture; your picture must fit to you.

A termagant sempstresses coming to hunt a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I care not how softly you speak. Do not tell me of speaking softly, says she, I insist upon it, that you let me have my money, or I will take the law of you.—Do, says he, then you will be forced to hold your tongue, for the law allows no body to *scold in their own cause*.

One who had married a light-heeled wife, instead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied upon the discovery by his acquaintance. Among the rest, a young lady having been very severe with him, he called to her lover, who was present, saying, sir, take off your wasp, I will have a fly-trap else. You will have occasion for it, says she, your wife has been *blown upon*.

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told the captain, that he had got him an extraordinary man: Ay, says the captain, prithee what is he? A butcher sir, replies the serjeant, and your honour will have a double service for him, for we had *two sheep-stealers* in the company before.

A harm-

A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn: When the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way.— Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I'll up to town, and the king shall know it. The king know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, sir, says the poor fellow, I have heard you say, that the king could make a man a *peer* at any time.

A lady seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and a sempstress had transformed himself into a beau, said, What a pity it is to see one whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass: Rather, says another, we should pity those whom nature abuses, than those who abuse nature; besides, the town would be robbed of one half of its diversion, if it should be a crime to *laugh at a fool*.

The Roman Catholics made a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion, pretended that it concerns grace: The protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, it *brings repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards grace.

A lady who told another she had a mind to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like, said she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her friend, I'd spit in his face. Alas! said she, that will not do; when men are fawning, like lap-dogs, *they will take that for a very great favor*.

An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of Lord, and a good estate, was just fallen, being a little
3
harrassed

harrassed by duns, bid his steward tell them, that whilst he was a private gentleman he had leisure to run in debt; but now being advanced to higher rank, he was too *busy to pay them*.

A wild young fellow, that had spent his fortune, being asked, what he intended to do with himself? said he designed to go into the army. How can that be, says one, you are a Catholic, and cannot take the oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I cannot take orders because I am an atheist, I ask your pardon, replied the other, I did not know the strength of your *conscience* so well as I did the weakness of your *purse*.

A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, said it was along with that drunken sot, his man, who could not keep himself sober. With respect to your worship, said the fellow, I know very few drunken sots that do *keep themselves sober*.

An English gentleman travelling to France, and made choice of an abbot, as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasures. One of his countrymen told him, That though the abbot and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the *devil together*.

A very grave person being carried before a magistrate for having a little thing as big as a bastard laid to him; one that was passing by, asked what was the matter? Only, says another, an old gentleman is apprehended upon suspicion of *manhood*. Manhood! cries the former, what has he committed murder? Quite the contrary, says the other; he has committed fornication, and *got a subject, not killed one*.

A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said he would shew him *presently*.

presently. Do but cross the way, said he, to yon Goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards *and it will bring you there presently.*

A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his origin; the abbot dying, this dissembled humility procured him to be chosen abbot, after which the net was used no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, there is no occasion for *the net now the fish is caught.*

A farmer, who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more ado, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; and with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again: the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, called to speak to him. Well, says the champion, have you any more to say to me? No, no, replied the fellow, only to desire you would be so kind as to *throw my horse after me.*

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, in these terms: *Let the thief go before and the executioner follow.*

F I N I S

